1346 m 7 (14A)

The Flowers of Edinburgh.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
He was the flower of all his kin;
The abſence of his bonny face,
my tender heart will rent in twain.
I day nor night find no delight,
in ſilent tears I ſtill complain,
And exclaim 'gainſt thoſe my rival foes,
that has taken me from my darling ſwain.

Deſpair and anguiſh fill my breaſt,
ſince I have loſt my blooming roſe;
I ſigh I ſob while others reſt,
his abſence yields me no repoſe:
To ſeek my love I'll range I'll rove
thro' every grove and diſtant plain:
Thus never will ceaſe but in queſt ſpend my days,
till ſome tidings I hear from my darling ſwain.

I need nor ſtrange at nature's change,
ſince parents ſhew ſuch cruelty,
They cauſed my love from me remove,
and knows not to what deſtiny;
The pretty kids and tender lambs,
ſhall ceaſe to ſport upon the plain;
But mourn and lament with deep diſcontent
for the abſence of my darling ſwain.

Kind Neptune let me you intreat
to ſend a ſweet and a pleaſant gale;
You dolphins ſweet upon me wait,
for to convoy me on your tail,
May heaven bleſs my voyage with ſucceſs,
whileſt croſſing o'er to the raging main,
And ſend my ſafe o'er to the ſame diſtant ſhore.
to meet with my love and darling ſwain.

All joy and mirth at our return,
ſhall then abound from Tweed to Tay,
The bells ſhall ring and ſweet birds ſing,
to grace and crown our nuptial day;
Thus bleſt with charms in my love's arms,
my heart once more I will obtain;
Then I'll wander no more to that ſtrauge diſtant ſhore,
but in love will enjoy my darling ſwain.